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BY M. B. BLOOMER.
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CLINTON, Steam Grind and Marble Works.
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Recently fitted out with the latest improved machinery for the manufacture of
Granite & Marble Monuments.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Office and Works, Church Street west of Railroad, CLINTON, MICH.

C. LEHN, Dealer in Groceries!
Provisions,
Canned Goods,
Butter, Sausages, Cakes, Wafers, Wood, Wheat, Flax and
HARDWARE!
Paints and Oils, Pumps, etc.
Come and See Us!
157 The Cheapest Store in town.

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Tobacco, Cigars,
Fresh Lager Beer
ALWAYS ON DRAUGHT.
South side Exchange Place, Manchester, Michigan.

F. G. SCHRAFFER, PROFESSIONAL VETERINARY SURGEON.
Was graduated from the University at Guelph, Canada, and has had considerable practice in the German army, has
Located in Manchester Village
He has had extensive practice in Washington, D. C., and is a member of the American Veterinary Association and will be responsible for his treatment.
Calls Promptly Attended
Office at the residence, corner Clinton and

IFT HAD KNOWN.

"If I had known in the morning how wretchedly I should feel to-day, I would have killed myself long ago." I said when you went away. I had been more careful, darling. Now you give me needless pain. But we vex "our own." With a look and tone. We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening you may give me the kiss of peace, yet it might be a dagger for me. The pain of the heart should cease. How many go forth in the morning that never come home at night. And how many who, in the evening, have work spoken. That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger, and smiles for the coming guest; but not for our own. The latter time. Though we have "our own" the best! Ah! I've been with that look of scorn, "Two or three days late. We'll wait till the night to undo the work of the day."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

HIS WIFE'S SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and business-like young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself to Ada, relict of Isaac Jones, his friends evinced considerable surprise at the step. The widow was, indeed, as they confessed, young and fascinating, and had, moreover, inherited a very substantial fortune from her previous husband.

But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling. In fact, her losses on the turf and at the card table were becoming quite the talk of society, and it is certain that, even during the short period which elapsed between her first husband's death and the date of her second marriage, her fortune must have materially diminished by the drains she made upon it.

In another year or two, at her present rate—so Tom's friends said—run through it altogether. And then he would find himself in the untenable position of having to support a recklessly spendthrift wife entirely out of his own pocket. A few of his greatest intimates impressed this upon him, and he took the final plunge and tried his luck at back out of his engagement. It was yet too late. But the day after the wedding, his wife was very much in love with the charming widow. And besides, he entertained a strong hope that after their union he should be able to reform, or at least control, his wife's extravagance.

Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability, in order that he might have as short an interval as possible in which to enjoy the unchecked expenditure of her money. But when he was married to the lady he found that his hope of being able to reform her had been decidedly chimerical. Self-willed and headstrong, she would scarcely endure advice, much less any semblance of restraint. So after a few months of useless remonstrance, he gave up all attempt to genuine reformation as a bad job, and had to content himself with showing silent disapproval of her extravagance, or with throwing in their way such feeble obstacles as he could.

And as time went on people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were on a much smaller scale. And each day the once light-hearted and reckless woman grew more moody and depressed. Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner towards her, always kind and attentive, became actually tender in its consideration, and he tried his best to soothe away her gathering depression of spirits.

His wife seemed to feel his considerate tenderness very deeply, for several times as he sat beside her of an evening, with his arm thrown caressingly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into tears—like one whose remorse is awakened by unmerited and unlooked-for kindness.

On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and impalpable instinct that his wife was on the very verge of making some confession—perhaps of sorrow and regret for her defunct attitude towards him in the past. But although by his comforting words and his soothing caresses he did his best to invite her confidence the confession which he felt to be hanging on her lips never issued from them.

Meantime, what was so clear to her husband did not escape the notice of Mrs. Partington's female friends. Of these she had many, but by far the most favored and confidential of them was Mrs. Brandon, an old school-fellow with whom she had kept up a life-long intimacy. Mrs. Brandon, who was at once a very lively and a highly sensible lady, had at an early period detected the unusual gloom which had come over her friend's manner, and rallied her upon taking her new position so seriously.

"My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever. "I should never have encouraged you to accept Tom if I had foreseen what a deplorable effect your second dose of matrimony would have upon you. Do you know that in the twenty minutes I have been here the only original observation you have made was to ask me whether I had made sugar? What is the matter with you to-day?"

Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache." "But have you always a bad headache nowadays?" continued Mrs. Brandon, more seriously. "I should not have alluded to the subject if this were the first time that I have seen you thus. But for weeks I have observed you growing more and more gloomy and depressed. You are getting quite unlike your old self, and I cannot help feeling seriously uneasy about you. What does it mean?"

To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her friend, instead of answering, only burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief. Evidently, thought Mrs. Brandon, the once gay and sprightly Ada was very changed indeed. "Come, Ada," she said, drawing her chair closer and taking one of her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind. I thought so before; now I am sure of it. Tell me all about it. It will do you good to confide to some one, and you and I have never had a secret from one another during the last twenty years. Is it anything to do with Tom?"

"No, no—indeed it isn't!" Praying not to think that! sobbed Mrs. Partington. "Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "Then it must be something to do with yourself. What is it?"

There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided. "Nell," she said presently, "it's all your fault." "My fault, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandon. "Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partington. "It has all come of my introducing you to that hateful Pompadour Club. Oh, how I wish I had never entered the place!"

"You don't mean to say—?" Mrs. Brandon paused and looked at her friend. "I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until—oh, Nell, promise me that you will not tell Tom this!"

"Of course not. Have we ever betrayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something, too. Promise that you will tell Tom nothing." "Oh, Nell, you don't know what you are asking. You have not heard all yet. I would not have Tom know all for all the world! Rather than that I would—"

Mrs. Partington's sobs had burst forth again with renewed force. Suddenly she sank back on the sofa, with a cry of pain which alarmed her friend. Perceiving that she was really ill, Mrs. Brandon summoned assistance. Many minutes did not elapse before one of the servants was hurrying off for a doctor.

Very shortly after the arrival of that functionary Mrs. Brandon herself left. She drove directly to the club where Tom Partington occasionally called for an afternoon on his way home from the city. By good luck he was there now, and the message which Mrs. Brandon sent in quickly brought him to her carriage door. A very few words passed between them, but enough to make Tom's face grow to twice its normal length.

"I'll be off at once," he said. "Do," responded Mrs. Brandon, "but mind, not a word yet! Not until she is quite well again."

"Trust me!" cried Tom. He was already hailing a passing hansom, and with a hurried bow to Mrs. Brandon he jumped into it.

When he reached home he sprang up the steps and rang the door-bell sharply. It was opened in about half a second by the cook, who, with a look of deep importance on her face, gasped out: "Please, sir, will you be as quiet as possible. And—it's a boy!"

Before her bewildered master had time to make any inquiries relative to this information, the doctor, who had been descending the stairs when he entered, came up to him and took him by the hand.

"I must congratulate you, my dear sir," he said, "on the birth of a remarkably fine son. I am glad to tell you, too, that Mrs. Partington is going on as well as can be expected. But she is naturally very weak. So, if you go in to see her, do not stop more than a minute or allow her to talk. Anything calculated to excite her must be most carefully avoided. We will call in again later and see how she is progressing."

At the end of a week it was evident that Mrs. Partington was only mending very slowly, and the doctor expressed his conviction to the husband that something was weighing on the patient's mind, the removal of which was essential to her complete recovery.

On the same afternoon, as he sat by his wife's bedside, with one of her hands in his, he said kindly, "Ada, dear you have something on your mind."

A quick flush overspread her pale face and she averted his gaze, murmuring in a confused tone, "What makes you fancy that, Tom?"

"The eyes of love are quick to see such things," replied her husband, tenderly, as he stroked her hair with his disengaged hand. "Do you think I failed to remark it just now when, as your glance fell on the little one there, a glow escaped your lips? And you have shown by many other signs that something is troubling you."

ABOUT THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE MATTER FOR THE YOUNG.

Johnnie's Oration—More Vanity Than Patriotism—A Funny Problem—A Plea for City Play Grounds.

"Got your speech ready for Friday, Johnnie?" asked a school-boy. "No," said John. "Well, I have. You'd better hurry up."

"Pshaw! what's the use?" asked John. "You see a speech for Friday isn't just like lessons that a fellow ought to learn. Ever so many things may happen, so that I shan't have to speak at all. Visitors may come in, or some other boy may recite something real long, so that there won't be time for me. I shan't bother. Maybe I'll go out into the country that day, and then if I learned anything it would be of no use, I'll wait till the time comes."

John waited, but he did not go to the country, and the other boys chose short declamations, and Friday morning was so cloudy that there was no prospect of company. At noon John was in a state of desperation. He flew here and there about the house in search of something that would answer his purpose. Uncle Jack gave him a book of old dialogues and orations, but before he could learn more than a line or two it was school-time.

The others spoke, but John listened without hearing much, and when his own name was called he walked across the floor with a very bewildered feeling. Then, staring at the ceiling, he glanced against a post in the centre of the room. Mr. Gray would not accept excuses, John knew that perfectly. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at the boys, pulled them out again and looked at the clock; then he began confusedly:

"My name is Norval. On the Gramplan hills my name is Norval. On the Gramplan hills my father feeds his—his name is Norval." "Runs in the family, that name does," slyly whispered a boy near him. The others began to laugh, for they all knew how grandly John had talked of not taking any trouble.

Mr. Gray began to look curiously over his glasses, and John knew that something must be done; so he suddenly said: "I don't know much about Norval, but I know something about industry, so I'll talk about that." "Industry is a good thing to have; it's better than luck. If a boy just trusts to luck, it may not turn out as he expects, and then he gets into the trouble of getting ready for things, why—he's ready. If the man that invented the telegraphing had waited for luck, I don't suppose there'd have been any messages sent yet. Boys be industrious; get ready for things beforehand, and don't wait till the time comes."

John bowed and sat down, and the boys applauded heartily. The matter so well, hesitated a moment, but finally said: "This address seems to be original, and I suppose we must judge it leniently on that account, though it is very imperfectly prepared. There is some valuable truth in it, however, which the speaker himself may profit by." Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Or, rather, he added, more seriously, "there is a better motto still that I should like to give you. 'Whatever you do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men.' That will prevent all shams and carelessness work."

The boys thought John had escaped wonderfully well; but he was certain of one thing—that if he had not learned anything else that day—Kate W. Hamilton in Nashville Christian Advocate.

A CONFUSION OF NAMES.

How an Actress Was Astonished by a Minister and Astonished Him.

Miss Jennie Yeamans, a bright actress, has apartments at the Leland. The number of her parlor door is 146. In room 246 is Mrs. Yeamans, a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union from Boston. She lectures upon the evils of intemperance now and then. Recently a South Side minister called upon Mrs. Yeamans to ask if she would occupy his pulpit on Sunday evening.

The bell-boy who took his card upstairs also took one to Miss Yeamans from an interviewer. Miss Yeamans told the reporter to step up. Mrs. Yeamans was out. The bell-boy got his dates mixed up and told the preacher to step up to 146. To the reporter he conveyed the word that the lady was out.

"This is Mrs. Yeamans?" asked the preacher as he was admitted to the parlor of the actress. "Yes," was the answer, I was glad to receive your card." "You are very kind. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, though, I've been delighted with you on the stage." "You flatter me, sir."

"Not at all. You have done a deal of good in the East, and I hope you will reap a glorious harvest here. Have you any engagement for Sunday night?" "May I ask why?" "I thought you would like to portray to my congregation the horrors of looking on the wine when it is red. We have not had a good temperance talk in our Church since Francis Murphy was here."

"Pardon me, sir; but while I practice temperance I do not preach it. What do I know about the remorse of a jag?" At the word jag the minister jumped to his feet and asked whom he was talking to. When he was informed that Miss Yeamans was not Mrs. Yeamans, the temperance lecturer, he went out of the room as if the cry of fire had been started.—Chicago Herald.

A PARROT YARN.

Baron Rothschild is Made a Present of a Bird That Talks too Much. The Baron de Rothschild of Paris, so runs the tale, was desirous of sending to his kinsman at Frankfurt, whose birthday was at hand, some acceptable token of remembrance. I should fancy that a member of that family would be an exceedingly difficult person for whom to choose a gift, and so the Baron found. After much cogitation, and many investigations he decided upon a wonderfully trained and talkative parrot, whose faculty in learning any phrase that he had been told a few times was particularly noted. One of the clerks of the Paris House was deputed to convey the precious fowl to Frankfurt. Now the weather was cold, the young man disliked travelling, and above all the parrot, with the usual perversity of his race, screamed and screeched all night, so that none of the occupants of the sleeping car in which he and his guardian were installed could get any rest. "Shut up, you confounded Jew!" exclaimed his protector in a passion more than once, moved to antipathetic feelings by the disagreeable journey and the parrot's bad behavior.

At last the bird and its disgusted protector arrived safe in Frankfurt, and the parrot was formally presented to its new owners, who at once commenced trying to coax it to talk. Polly listened to M. de Rothschild's discourses for a few minutes, and then in reply enunciated with startling distinctness the latest phrase he had learned. "Shut up, you confounded Jew!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Electric Lights on Carriages. "Pretty nice turnouts I see along the boulevard," remarked William Furness, of the City of Mexico, who was looking out of one of the big windows of the Auditorium Hotel. "But there's one thing we have that I haven't seen in the United States. I mean the electric light attachment to a turnout." "A Mr. Cazeaux, I think his name is, introduced them down there not long ago. And the other rich residents are having the attachments put on their carriages. It is the incandescent lamp, fed by a storage battery placed under the driver's seat. From the battery wires extend to the two side lamps, to a small cluster in the top of the carriage inside and along the backs of the horses over their necks to a small lamp on their foreheads, between the eyes. If one likes he can have lamps of different colors distributed all over his carriage and horses and make a decidedly fetching effect."—Chicago Post.

HOW DID SHE TELL?

(A True Story.)

In little Daisy's dimpled head two bright, new pennies shone. One was for Rob (at school just then), the other for her own. While waiting Rob's return she rolled both treasures round the floor. When suddenly they disappeared, and "Poor Daisy, is your penny lost?" was asked in accents kind. "Why, no, mine's here," she quickly said. "'Tis Rob's I cannot find."—St. Nicholas.

Flossie—"How is it that Grace is so popular with the young men? Why, Dorothy, she's as homely as sin!" Dorothy—"Yes, Grace is homely; but you see, Flossie, she has no little brother."—Scribner's Magazine.

Catching A Thief. "I just wish black Jim would let my chickens alone," said Tom Brown, coming into the sitting-room one day with tears in his eyes. "What makes you think Jim took your chickens?" asked Mrs. Brown. "It is wrong to call the poor fellow a thief. You may do him great harm."

"But I am sure that he steals chickens," said Tom, "and I mean to set a trap for him." And with that idea in his mind he ran out of doors a gain. That night there was a great noise in the chicken yard. The hens squawked, the roosters scolded, and Tom chuckled to himself, and waited for daylight. He went out before breakfast with a smile on his face, for he thought he should find black Jim caught fast in the trap that was hid under some hay.

But great was Tom Brown's surprise to find a big fat fox caught by the leg in the sharp steel trap. "So you were the chicken-thief, you sly old fox," said Tom Brown. "Well, I don't feel sorry for you at all. No more chicken-pie for you. And that puts me in mind to send a chicken to black Jim because I had hard thoughts of him."—Harper's Young People.

What a Good Woman Has Done. It would be difficult to exaggerate the reformation wrought in the general tone of English society by Queen Victoria in the fifty years of her reign. The fierce light that beats about a throne has never been able to reveal a flaw in the purity of her personal character. All her life she has striven to promote public and private morality and decency, and the official example of the court which has been, openly at least, in the interest of cleanliness and decorum, has set a high standard for society in general, and has not been without its effect even upon the lower and more ignorant orders. Coarseness and profligacy are no longer regarded with admiration, and the clergy may again enjoy the respect due to religion and the professed union of church and state.—From the Chautauquan.

As hospitable to the man who differs from your view. Possibly he may be right and you wrong. "Study to please," but never give yourself away cheaply.

It is evident that the steamship companies, in their efforts to get as much business as possible, are responsible for a great deal of the low grade immigration about which there has been so much discussion since the unpleasant affair at New Orleans.

As those with a patient temper and sound common sense, when united in the same individual, are as good as a fortune to their possession. Barring unwarlike qualities, the man endowed with these qualities will be able to reach a determination to reach a desirable position does reach it.

The idea is that changes in gambling and ordinary business risks occupy substantially the same relation, and that the one is really, either in point of gain or respectability, more reprehensible than the other. Such is the confusion of ideas on this subject which prevails in certain minds.

INCREASE in insanity has been marked of late years. There should not contribute to its further spread. Imminent in an insane asylum is generally sufficient to make the sane insane. Every safeguard should be thrown about the patient of dementia. The law now requires open examination in court. The law cannot safely be relaxed.

The Great American desert still covers not less than 30,000 square miles. One hundred million acres are believed to be reclaimable. The reclaimable area in California, alone is larger than the states of Delaware and Maryland. The importance of the question of irrigation to the whole country can, then, hardly be exaggerated.

It is not always the man who does the largest business and makes the most thing in the world that makes the greatest success in life. About the surest way to succeed in any business is to go slow and a careful and correct. Many examples of success gained in this way, although they may not be held up to the eyes of the world.

Or course two much curiosity in a man is to be deprecated, but if Columbus, Stanley and all the other great explorers had not had a great deal of curiosity, the world of today would not be as far advanced as it is today. The same may be said of inventors. Curiosity is the principal cause of all the great inventions that have done so much to save labor and make life easy.

In Great Britain, as in most of the old-world dynasties, the throne is held by the reigning monarch through the sufferance of the people. Constitutional government dispenses with the hereditary appointments, slowly but none the less surely. The beneficent Victorian era has doubtless retarded the disposition of the English royal house, but there are scores of well-informed political prophets who look for the continuance of the English monarchy beyond one or possibly two successors to Queen Victoria.

TITLES are properly the insignia of wise and honest men. The fool or 'nave who wears one is a falsifier. They who dilate upon the value of titles are too foolishly vain of a debt which probably they will never be able to pay. It has also been remarked that a river generally becomes narrow and insignificant as it flows toward its source. The stream of ancestry, on the contrary, often vigorous, pure, and powerful at its fountain-head, usually becomes more feeble, shallow and corrupt as it flows downward.

Too large a part of the great advance in popular intelligence has been devoted to studying the wickedness and evil rather than the good in the world. Most newspapers devote too large a part of their space to criminal records, giving the superficial observer the idea that wrong doing is economically increasing, when the fact is that it is only more fully reported than formerly. A pleasant change would be to have the last column of newspapers devote more space to the record of what is being done to help human kind. This is no less new than the record of evil, and is vastly more edifying.

EVERY man is fitted to find some position in which he can do his mind is more or less expansive, more or less reaching, more or less comprehensive. The man who loves his profession always possesses an inquiring mind, and his inquisitiveness guides his inquisitiveness in the line of his profession; he is a learner and a teacher. If he becomes a mark among men, the mark is always in proportion to his success. If he continues his investigations to a scientific line, he discovers and applies the truths which govern his operations. This makes him a successful man. If a farmer, he is ready for all emergencies and he can be because he understands nature's laws and her demands. His crops are always fair, almost always good, generally superior, and he flourishes like a green bay tree.

WOLVERINE NEWS.

Some of the Preparations Being Made in Detroit for the Reception of the G. A. R. Veterans.

A Detroit Druggist's Mistake.—The Detroit Druggist's Association has been informed that a certain druggist in Detroit has made a mistake in the preparation of the G. A. R. Veterans' medicine.

Items of Interest From All Parts of the State Gathered by Wire and by Mail.

An Initiation of Kiffel.—The Detroit Druggist's Association has been informed that a certain druggist in Detroit has made a mistake in the preparation of the G. A. R. Veterans' medicine.

Thomas Watson's barn at Olivet was struck by lightning and burned with its contents, including 10 tons of hay, during Tuesday morning's storm.

The Lullington women tried hard to get the subjects of the American people, but they were not successful. The subjects of the American people, but they were not successful.

A farmer named Regis, living near Bay City, was killed by a fall from a tree. The fall was caused by a fall from a tree.

Paw Paw Catholics were enthusiastic Sunday over the confirmation of a class of 100 children. The confirmation was held at the church.

Islepeople people subscribed \$12,700 for the stock of the proposed first-class hotel at the proposed first-class hotel.

William Patrick's abode at Midland, Mich., was destroyed by fire. The fire was caused by a fire.

A. Gray, six years old, of Jackson, was killed by the caving of a gravel pit. The caving was caused by a caving.

C. P. Baker, of Grand Rapids, was recently elected one of the officers of the Michigan State Bar Association. The election was held at the association.

John Burroughs, of Augusta, Wash., was killed by a fall from a tree. The fall was caused by a fall from a tree.

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RATES FOR THE G. A. R.

The Michigan Passenger Agents Make Some Changes in the Limitation of Tickets.

Single Fare Good for Return From August 4 to 18 Inclusive, and May Be Extended.

Prospects for Gold and Silver Coinage at the Several Government Mints.

The Michigan passenger association at the meeting at Ottawa, Mich., last week, made an important change in the rates for the G. A. R. tickets.

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BRIEFLY TOLD.

Rev. Charles Spurgeon is improving. The Pope XII is said to be dangerously ill.

Emperor William sent the early part of the week in Scotland.

The soldiers were defending a gang of convicts working in the city of Knoxville.

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SOLDIERS SURRENDERED.

The Striking Miners in Tennessee Capture a Company of the State Militia.

The soldiers were defending a gang of convicts working in the city of Knoxville.

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DODDS' CATARRH CURE.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEVES.

The blackberries are very busy. Huckleberries and pears are in market.

The wheat crop just harvested is a good one.

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MANCHESTER ENTERPRISE.

By May D. Bloom.

THURSDAY JULY 23, 1931.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEVES.

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The wheat crop just harvested is a good one.

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WAMPLER'S LAKE.

Ben Kiff, who resided here a few years ago with his mother, was in town yesterday visiting friends.

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The Editors meet there for Discussion and Sight Seeing.

The west Michigan press association held its annual meeting at Kalamazoo the second week in July. The members of the Michigan state press association were invited to join with them in enjoying the hospitality of the celery city.

O. W. Huggles, the passenger agent of the Michigan Central railroad, kindly sent us transportation for ourself, wife and daughter and we could not find heart to refuse so tempting an offer.

The two hours "lay over" in Jackson was very pleasantly spent in calling upon friends, then we took the Central and after a pleasant ride of about two hours in one of the comfortable coaches of the famous "Niagara falls route" we alighted at the beautiful depot at Kalamazoo and were soon snugly quartered at the Kalamazoo house.

Seated in the cozy office which commands a view down main and portage streets, memory carried us back a quarter of a century when we sat in the same office and watched the arrival and departure of the old lumbering stage coaches for Grand Rapids and other points. Those were lively times and the sound of the horn would call together as large a crowd as the whistle of the incoming train will now. There was but one railroad then—the Central—and people were anxious to get the news brought in by the stage passengers. What a change has been wrought. Then Kalamazoo was only a village. It had but few factories and the only thing that gave it prominence was the asylum for the insane. True, it was a beautiful village, the fairest in the land; now it has grown to be a busy, bustling city and it is known as the "celery city" because it was the first to extensively raise that excellent and healthful plant, and hundreds of acres of land which were then counted as worthless are now yielding from two to three crops a year. With the growth and development of the village came all the modern improvements of the typical western city, added to which are found the wealth, culture and refinement of the older cities. But of these we shall speak later.

The headquarters of the press associations was established at the Burdick house and hither all the pencil pushers and their friends wended their way and were courteously received by president Robert Smith, publisher of the "Legislative Journal," and state printer, at Lansing, and the secretary, M. T. Woodruff of the Ypsilanti Sentinel. After registering their names each was furnished with a badge which was of white satin with gold trimming, bearing the inscription, "Michigan Associations, Kalamazoo 1892." At the top of the badge a printing press, and in the center a bunch of celery were printed, and below a miniature hub was attached. The former is in honor of the "celery city," and the latter either inferred that Kalamazoo is the hub of south-western Michigan or was significant of the great wheel works and carriage factories located there. The badge was suspended from a gold bar pin and was a passport on street railways, to entertainments and wherever we wished to go.

At 3:30 on Tuesday afternoon the editorial party and a few citizens had an excursion to Oshtemo, a little place down the Kalamazoo river, to visit the Hardeen paper mills, the Oshtemo chair factory, etc. There were about 125 delighted people on a train and they were met at the depot by a brass band and the populace en-masse and escorted to the new paper mill where they were seated at long tables the coverings of which were made of pink tinted paper, full length. Wafers, ice, cottage cheese and other refreshments were cleverly initiated in paper and paper pulp. Substantial refreshments were then served in abundance. Toasts and speeches were made. Mr. Ballou in his welcoming speech said that the Barden Paper Mill Co. employed 450 hands and did a business of \$3,000,000 annually. He said there were no saloons in Oshtemo and they did not intend any should locate there.

It was then announced that the Oshtemo Chair Co. would present a chair to the homeliest editor present and Mr. M. A. McMillan of Bay City formerly of Dexter got it, amid great applause, and he responded in the following witty speech: "I'm an orphan. I'm far from home. My wife isn't with me, so you can put upon me this indignity. You have no appreciation of beauty or symmetry of form. But this is what I have been expecting these many years and at last the thunder-bolt has come. I wanted to go out of the world thinking I was as good looking as some other man, but it is now too late. My brother told me once that I would be good looking when slabs came in fashion. The chair you have given me I am going to take away with me if I have to charter a car, because I am going to show my wife what I earned by coming down here."

The excursionists were then conducted to the business portion of the village, where they witnessed an exhibition by the hose company. They then visited the paper mill and saw the whole process of paper making, then took the train back to Kalamazoo where they found many more editors and their ladies who had arrived in the city during their absence.

In the evening the citizens gave a reception at the circuit court room which was presided over by Mr. E. N. Dingley of the Telegraph. Col. E. M. Irish made

a hearty welcoming speech which was responded to by Mr. W. P. Nisbett of the Big Rapids Herald. Robert Smith, the president, then took the chair and called upon F. W. Bushell of the Saginaw Courier Herald, who read an interesting and witty paper on "The Michigan Press." Then all adjourned to the elegant apartments of the Kalamazoo club where the balance of the evening was spent in a social way—dancing, billiards, cards, etc., with refreshments galore.

And the afternoon and evening were the first day.

From the Far West.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, Corner Market and Lane Sts., July 15, 1891.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:—Before leaving my native town, I promised each of my friends a long letter telling of the city to which I was going; but the atmosphere has thrown a spell of laziness over me and I feel quite inadequate to the task, so I must compromise by speaking to them through the columns of your excellent paper.

Much has been said for and against our fair city and many have returned east, after a few months' stay, and labeled Seattle "N. G." We are glad that they have gone, for there is no use for them here.

The scenery around here is fine. From where I sit I can see old Mt. Rainier, on the south, lifting its snowy head high above the clouds, making a fine background for the dark firs on its sides and base. On the east are the Cascades, and north is Mt. Baker. The sound is on the west and winding away to the ocean. On all sides are large, clear lakes dotted with steamers and white-winged boats. At sunset when the snow is stained with crimson, purple and gold and the mountains look as though they might be the palace of the sun I cannot find adjectives to express its beauty.

But as we cannot live on scenery alone I must tell you that we have 50 good churches, 40 hotels, one costing \$3000,000 and one \$200,000; 16 street railways, eight of which are electric, seven cable and one motor. Seven lines of railroads run through the city; four of them viz Northern Pacific, Central Pacific, Union Pacific, and Great Northern are transcontinental, upon which eight trains per day leave for the east. Besides, sailing and steam vessels arrive and depart daily for all parts of the world. We have 20 city schools and several business colleges and conservatories of art. The university of the state is situated here, also two large hospitals. Solid blocks of seven stories of brick, stone and marble cover about 200 acres, then for miles the resident portion stretches away in all directions. Fifty or 60 miles of streets are paved and as to the bronchos that I expected to find, they have developed into the largest horses in the U. S. We have electric lights, of course, for all the best in science and art must be had for Seattle.

The climate is delightful; like your Michigan June the sun never shines too hot and the sky is blue, with soft, fleecy clouds and a breeze is continually blowing from the sea. There are flowers in abundance, and the whole gives a dreamy, contented sensation that cannot be expressed. The nights are cool, and sleep—well, I think it must have been the Cascades instead of the Catskills where Rip VanWinkle slept so long.

I hear that Dr. Fred Graham is doing a thriving business at Centralia. I am taking up too much room so must close.

ELLEN M. RUSHTON.

Is It a Prophecy?

Since the wild flights of Jules Verne's imagination have been surpassed by the realities of the world's progress, one hesitates to say that anything is impossible in the future. To encircle the globe in 80 days has become too common to excite wonder.

Among the recent importations of French books we find one by Andre Laurie entitled, "Frow New York to Brest in seven hours," in which the facile writer, with the aid of realistic illustrations, relates the story of the construction of a submarine syphon or tunnel from the American to the French seaport, through which are transported shell-like cars with the rapidity indicated by the title.

The power of petroleum having failed, the undaunted inventor harnesses Niagara to the work, and the continuous, irresistible power of the great cataract is employed in the propulsion of these cars very much as the present improvement company are now tunneling the falls with the intention of transmitting a portion of their almost incalculable power to distant cities for practical purposes.

The book is not an advertisement of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls route," for we find nothing therein of its famous "north shore limited," its "New York vestibule" or its "fast Atlantic express," which "pass directly by and in front of the great cataract, affording its passengers the finest and most comprehensive view of the world's greatest wonder," but is a veritable legitimate publication in good faith, issued with all the luxury of press work, illustration and binding for which the paragon publishers are noted; and the curiously realistic detail with which the wonderful engineering work is described and its practical success, with the inevitable story of love and adventure entwined through it all, can perhaps be imagined from the mere indication we have given of its salient points.

This daring scheme may be now a figment of the imagination, but it is, after all, any more improbable than the "railway gisant" which at the Paris exposition ran trains with passengers at the rate of 300 miles an hour?—Magazine of Art.

Edmund Gosse on Zola.

Zola's main qualities are his extraordinary mixture of versatility and monotony, his enduring force, his plentiful lack of taste, his cynical disdain for the weaknesses of men, his admirable constructive power, his inability to select the salient points in a vast mass of observations. I must take the liberty of saying that he appears to me to be one of the leading men of genius in the second half of the Nineteenth century, one of the strongest novelists in the world, and that in spite of faults so serious and so endemic that they would have hopelessly wrecked a writer a little less overwhelming in strength and resource. Zola seems to me to be the Vulcan among our later gods, afflicted with moral lameness from his birth, and coming to us sooty and brutal from the forge, yet as indisputably great as any Mercury-Hawthorne or Apollo-Thackeray of the best of them. It is to Zola, and to Zola only, that the concentration of the scattered tendencies of naturalism is due. It is owing to him that the threads of Flaubert and Daudet, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, Ibsen and Henry James can be drawn into anything like a single system. It is Zola who discovered a common measure for all these talents, and a formula wide enough and yet close enough to distinguish them from the outside world and bind them to one another. It is his doing that for ten years the experimental novel has flowed in a definite channel, and has not spread itself abroad in a thousand whimsical directions.—Forum.

A New Danger from Tobacco.

It is stated that a German physician, on examination of a number of cigars, found that many of them were infected with tubercle bacilli. The makers were tuberculous, and in the manufacture of the cigars moistened the tips with their saliva. This certainly represents a new danger from using tobacco, at least in the shape of cigars and cigars. We were aware that there is considerable difference between bad and good tobacco, and have been inclined to attribute injurious effects to the use of inferior product. Any tobacco, however, may be contaminated by one bacilli there does not appear any reason why it should not harbor other microbes. This is a point which will doubtless be taken up by the anti-tobaccoists.—London Hospital.

A. J. WATERS, LAWYER.

Solicitor in Chancery and Notary Public. Loans, Collections and Insurance made on easy terms and short notice. Office, two doors east of Hotel.

F. A. KOTTS, DENTIST.

Office over Roller & Blum's store. Manchester, Mich. In Tecumseh every Wednesday.

GOOD SITUATIONS FOR MEN.

Good Paying Permanent Positions to a few good men. Exclusive Territory. But little knowledge required to begin. Honest and push will make Hoopes, Bro. & Thomas, Big Money. Nurserymen, West Chester, Pa.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES BILIOUSNESS. CURES BILIOUSNESS. CURES BILIOUSNESS.

Direct Proof. My wife has been troubled with Liver Complaint and Painfulness of the bowels for over a year. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters she is almost entirely well. We truly recommend your medicine. GEORGE W. SAWYER, Montpelier, Vermont, Oct. 4, 0.

IF YOU WANT

A Beautiful

—Birthday Card!—

Plain or Fringed, at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE

REPORT OF the condition of the

PEOPLES' BANK!

At Manchester, Michigan, at the close of business, July 1st, 1891.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$58,789 94
Stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc.	27,384 66
Overdrafts	847 00
Due from banks in reserve cities	5,025 00
Due from other banks and bankers	611 12
Banking house	6,000 00
Furniture and fixtures	1,007 15
Real Estate	6,500 00
Checks and cash items	27 69
U. S. bonds and securities	12 00
Gold	492 80
U. S. and National Bank Notes	568 00
Total	135,291 06

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid to	\$50,000 00
Surplus fund	4,257 65
Undivided profits	12,535 07
Commercial deposits	50,000 34
Total	135,291 06

State of Michigan, County of Washtenaw, ss: I, C. W. Case, cashier of the above named bank solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. W. CASE, Cashier.

Correct—Attest: J. D. CORRY, FRANK SPAFFORD, Directors. A. F. FREEMAN

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of July 1891. J. D. COOK, Notary Public.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. ss: The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said county, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Joseph M. Ladd, late of said county, deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date, are allowed for the presentation of claims against the estate of said deceased, to the law office of A. F. Frouman, in the village of Manchester, in said county, on Tuesday the 13th day of January next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each said day, to receive, examine and adjust said claims. Dated, July 15, 1891.

JAMES KELLY, CHARLES W. RANDFORD, Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. ss: At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Monday, the twentieth day of July in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Ferris, deceased. Pauline L. Ferris and Sarah McCord, executrices of the last will and testament of said deceased, come into court and represent that they are prepared to render their final account as such executrices.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday the 18th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered, that said executrices give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. ss: At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday the 26th day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Clark, deceased. Elizabeth Clark executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, comes into court and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such executrix.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday the 18th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed.

And it is further ordered, that said executrix give notice to the persons interested in said estate of the pendency of said account and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW. ss: At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Friday the 26th day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety one.

Present, J. Willard Babbitt, Judge of Probate. On reading and filing the petition duly verified of Martha A. Jackson praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administration of said estate may be granted to herself as executrix or to some other suitable person.

Thereupon it is ordered, that Monday the 27th day of July next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Manchester Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, Judge of Probate. (A true copy.) Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

ONE OF THE SLICKEST

Devices to

CATCH A THIEF!

Can be seen at Wittke & Son's Harness Shop. The man who

STEALS A WHIP!

Will have no way to hide his guilt. Call in and learn about it and see their stock of whips suitable to

WHIP A HORSE!

As well as their stock of Harnesses and Horse Goods.

WILTSE & SON,

Manchester. Next to Post-Office.

HERE WE ARE AT THE

MONTAGUE

BAZAAR!

And ready for business. We carry a full line of

NOVELTY GOODS!

Also

STATIONERY!

China Cups and Saucers, Fruit Plates

Vases, Lamps.

TOYS & C.

Come and see our

5c & 10c COUNTERS!

No trouble to show Goods.

W. T. GEROW

Manchester.

LARGE SHEETS —OF—

White and Colored, for Sale at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

TABLETS

Of All Sizes

WRITING TABLETS

For Pen or Pencil, for Sale at the

ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

Gieske & Dresselhouse.

Grocers.

SPRING OPENING OF

WALL PAPER.

The Largest Line ever Exhibited in Manchester and Vicinity.

HAND-MADES,

Ingrains,

Brilliantines,

Brown Backs,

WHITE BACKS.

From the Best to the Cheapest.

DEFY COMPETITION

Also Vestibule Rods and Brackets, Yours Etc.,

F. STEINKOHL.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

OLARK BROTHERS,

Contractors and Builders

Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all kinds. With our new

Steam Planing Mills

We are prepared to manufacture short notice

Sash, Mouldings, Etc.

—And do—

Turning, Planing,

Scroll Sawing, Etc.

—In—

First-Class Style

Mills at Case's Lumber Yard, near Lake

Shore Depot.

Manchester, - Mich.

MAKE YOUR Selection From

The Very Best

While you are about it. It costs no more to have all the advantages of selection from the

LEADING STOCK FOR VARIETY.

We are showing by far the best selected and most complete line of new styles and late novelties for the present season.

See it and B Satisfied!

For you are bound to find just what you want. Another important feature for you to remember is that

We Give Quality

As well as quantity and show in all departments goods of the highest grade of value and general excellence, and lastly bear in mind that

IN PRICE WE PLEASE

You with the best figures it is possible to make on honest goods. Come and see the best and cheapest line of Men's Youths' Boys' and Children's Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

ROBISON & KOEBBE

The Daylight Clothiers.

DO YOU WANT

A NICE PAIR OF

Shoes or Slippers?

If so we have all the Latest Styles in

Lace, Congress, and Button,

For Ladies and Children, Men and Boys, in

PATENT LEATHER, DONGOLA KID, KANGAROO,

Calf, etc. Look over our Spring and Summer Goods.

New Black and White Dress Goods

and Flouncings, Satines, Silk Umbrellas, Curtains, etc.,

GENTS STIFF AND SOFT HATS

At Popular Prices.

ROLLER & BLUM

WE NEVER HAD

Such a Fine Line of

BED ROOM SUITS!

And other Furniture as We have now, and We have something new for Manchester, in

Folding Beds, Side Boards, Fancy

Writing Desks, and Book Cases

Combined; Fancy Antique Oak Rockers, High Back Antique Oak Dining Chairs, and a score of articles in as full assortment as any city store.

LATEST STYLES CARPETS!

At Low Prices. We are making a special cut in prices of Marble Top Goods Picture Framing and Ordered Work a specialty.

JENTER & RAUSCHENBERGER.

MANCHESTER.

GIVE US FOUR SHILLINGS.

Give Us a Half,

GIVE US 50 CENTS

and get the

ENTERPRISE

until

ESTRANGEMENT.

When the eternal springtime throes
In shivers from cloudlets free,
The idle diver never dove
Into the smiling sea.

But, faring on the shining sands,
From each careening wave
Garnished into his bearded haunts
The pearls the ocean gave.

Diver and sea are still the same;
No change its seal has set.
To show on either when it came,
—Or what it came, and yet—

The diver, now into the swirls
Of waters cold and grim,
Dives deep in vain, to seek the pearls
That once they gave to him.

"NUMBER TWENTY-NINE"

The vast, mud-colored building,
Broomed out of the fog as the doctor's
louchous drew up with a jerk under
the portico. Against the dark lining
of the carriage the set face of a man
in a white coat was visible by the light of a
portable lamp. It was the face of a
man whose mind is not at ease.

Sir Kenneth Brandon was one of the
few London doctors whose names are
familiar abroad. He had made one
big discovery, he had done a great deal
of useful work, and at 50 he was al-
ready making a big income. His re-
cent knighthood was popular—not
only among his patients, but among his
professional brethren—and his dinners
were among the nicest in the town.

And yet—many people—and who
knows—perhaps Sir Kenneth himself—
missed a hostess's smile, a woman's
winning phrases, at his brilliant dis-
cussions in Wimpole street. Some-
times—if he had time to think—per-
haps the great physician might have
regretted the pretty, bad-tempered,
foolish wife, whom he had scolded and
neglected in the old days; the child—
for she was little more—who had finally
left their dingy suburban villa for
good; the girl he might have saved be-
fore it was too late—for at last she had
left his house after one of their miser-
able, sordid squabbles, and had gone
back to her father, and it was only
after a humiliating scene with her hus-
band that she had finally disappeared,
and she had never come back. The
police had been unable to find a trace
of her, beyond that she had first gone
to Spain with some man who was un-
known to him. After that, all was a
blank. To all intents and purposes
his wife was as one who is dead.

Inside the large hall a lady was
already waiting for him—a fair, high-
browed face, with something of the look
of a student modernized by a slightly
bored air, such as is often seen in a
cultivated woman of the world. Lady
Sibthorpe was a widow of leisure, and
was intermittently interested in a va-
riety of questions. Just now, for in-
stance, she was interested in the hos-
pital question, and at a dinner party
the night before Sir Kenneth had vol-
unteered to explain the internal work-
ing of the "Whitechapel." The doctor
never missed an opportunity of being
useful to Lady Sibthorpe; she was just
the woman he would have asked to be
his wife, if only—

They met as people meet, who are
more than interested in each other.
For some time past Lady Sibthorpe
had known that he liked her, and for
some time past she had almost made
up her mind that she might accept
him. But there was no hurry; they both
had their occupations, their affairs.
And now they turned up the stone
staircase together, on their way to the
woman's wards. Lady Sibthorpe
paused for an instant as they passed
the operating theater. The doors
were closed. Outside, two porters
were waiting with a stretcher. . . .
Lady Sibthorpe was not emotional, but
she shivered a little as she passed on.

In the "Catherine ward" the fifty
blue coverletted beds effaced themselves
in the gloom of the long room. Here
and there the frelight illumined the
blank, unemotional faces of nurses
under their smooth hair and with the
seamless features of a woman who
has learned to witness suffering with-
out a sigh.

On seeing Sir Kenneth Brandon Sister
Catherine hurried forward as su-
perintendent of the ward.

The doctor introduced the two wo-
men to each other, and for a while
Lady Sibthorpe, notebook in hand, was
absorbed with statistics.

"Now take me around to your pa-
tients, Sir Kenneth," she said when
she had done.

Sister Catherine moved forward.
They stopped at every bed. Lady Sib-
thorpe asked questions in a business-
like way, and Sir Kenneth, whose
"hospital manner" was proverbial,
addressed the patients in the same
tone as he would have employed to
duchess. His way with women was
one of the things for which he was
justly famous. They had come to the
end of one line of beds, and were now
turning up the other side of the room.

"We have a new patient here, Sir
Kenneth," said the sister. "Number
Twenty-nine. A hopeless case—the
last stage of consumption, aggravated
by want and dirt. They brought her
in from one of the common lodging
houses. Poor creature, she was in a
terrible state when she came."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the great phy-
sician in his sympathetic voice.

All three approached the bed. The
patient's back was turned to them, but
as steps approached, she tossed over
and lay on her back, her weakly,
vicious face, with its flush of color
each cheek bone looking sharply em-
aciated against the whiteness of the pil-
low. There were streaks of gray in
the dark hair, and the eyes—dull, slaty
eyes, which had once been blue—were
bloodshot and red-lidded.

Sir Kenneth leaned forward, and
their eyes met in a long stare. . . .
The years seemed to roll away.
The doctor's heart stood still. Great
God! Could this horrible wreck of
womanhood be his wife? . . . And
was she going to speak?

—the fashionable physician and the
pitiable outcast on the hospital ma-
tress—knew each other she had not
not the smallest doubt. But the three
moved on to the next bed, smiling and
chatting as they went. Presently Sir
Kenneth Brandon urged a consultation
at the other end of London at 5 o'clock,
and offered to drive Lady Sibthorpe
back, as she had sent away her car-
riage. They were both rather silent
as they were bowled along westward.

A few nights afterward, they met,
by accident, at a dinner. It was a
brilliant party. Sir Kenneth, in fact,
was delighted, for he was deputed to
take Lady Sibthorpe down to dinner.

Sir Kenneth had never realized how
devoted he was to her before. And
yet there was an expression in Lady
Sibthorpe's eyes to-night which he had
never seen there, and which he could
not quite understand.

"I see from the papers that you
have been in Paris the last few days,"
she said, as they ate their soup. "I
hope you have saved Europe one of its
crowned heads?"

"To any one but you I am profes-
sionally tongue-tied," whispered the
doctor, gallantly. "Her majesty is
now out of danger. I was, in fact,
able to leave Paris by the 11 train—
just in time to dine here to-night.
But I haven't opened a single letter or
telegram."

"And your articles on the hospi-
tals?" said the doctor, bending his
head and smiling at the charming
woman at his side. "I hope you're
going to let us down easily."

"Ah! my article will be on quite
another question," said Lady
Sibthorpe. "I have been curiously
interested in a case which is typical
of one of the great problems of mod-
ern society. I have been three times
to the 'Whitechapel' since that day."

"I wish to heaven you would not
run any such risk! We doctors are
hardened, you know, but there is al-
ways the fear of infection for delicate
women."

"But that poor creature—No. 29—"
"Ah!" sighed Sir Kenneth, frown-
ing slightly, as he reached out his
hand toward his champagne glass.
"Dear Lady Sibthorpe, those are ter-
rible cases. They are cancerous evils,
eating away the very life of our social
system."

"My dear doctor," urged the lady in
her most delightful drawl, "you for-
get what Mr. Lecky says, No. 29, on
the contrary, is the martyr of civiliza-
tion."

"Possibly," replied the physician,
dryly, "but meanwhile—"
"Meanwhile the woman has suc-
cumbed. She died last night."

There was a burst of laughter from
each side of the table. A well known
Q. C. was telling the latest joke. In
the pause that followed, Lady Sib-
thorpe studied the menu, and Sir
Kenneth fingered some grapes on his
plate. How much did she know? It
seemed to him an eternity before she
spoke again.

"I have taken No. 29 as a typical
case. The woman seemed to be what
we are now agreed to call a 'morally
deficient' person. Yet, properly
trained and protected, No. 29 might
now be alive, well, and a tolerably
useful member of society. Think of
it! That pitiable woman was barely
20."

"My dear lady," said Sir Kenneth
slowly, "you have probably only heard
half her story. 'Do you really know
anything about her?'"

"Yes," said Lady Sibthorpe, ab-
ruptly. And, as she looked him
straight between the eyes, the doctor
knew that she was aware of the whole
story. "I'm not sentimental," she
added, with a smile. "But I've taken
a fancy to have the wretched creature
decently buried—in some little country
churchyard. She shall rest now—for
good. Shall I undertake the necessary
arrangements? or would you perhaps
prefer?"

The ladies were rising to go. Bran-
dow bowed his head.

"I think I would rather see to
this thing myself."

TERROR ON THE SIERRA.

A TRAVELER TELLS OF HIS TERRIBLE RIDE.

A Sleeping Driver and Frightened Horse
on the Down Grade of a Mount-
ain Road—A Perilous
Leap in the Dark.

One night I was crossing the Sierra
Nevadas in a stage. I was the only
passenger aboard, and hence had a
lonely and dreary night of it. The
long slow pull of the ascent had con-
sumed all the fore part of the night
and much of the early morn. It was
about 2 o'clock when the summit
was reached, all unawares to either
myself or the driver in front—for in
the tediousness of the long climb, and
the silence and solitariness of the sur-
rounding, we had fallen fast asleep.

Suddenly there was a sharp rolling
of the wheels, a violent jostling of the
seats and we both awoke to the con-
sciousness that we were going down
the mountain at a most frightful gal-
lop—a runaway team in front.

When the down grade had been
struck, the driver—usually a careful
and vigilant man—was so fast asleep
that he broke no time, nor applied as
brakes as necessary, and the horses,
finding that they were not under con-
trol, with the heavy stage rushing up
on them, became at once frightened
and fled in frantic speed down the
steep descent.

When the driver first awoke and
realized the situation he was in mid-
air, having been violently thrown
from his seat. He had had the lines
wrapped about his hands and wrists,
and holding fast unconsciously he was
being jerked forward in the furious
tempo of the team. Yet it was but a
moment or two until he struck the
ragged edge below the roadway, and I
discovered my situation as I heard
him utter a horrible shriek, and then
a low moan as he lay in the death
agonies. By this time the lower wheels
of the stage were off the roadway; the
stage itself was on the edge of the
fearful precipice and the axle of the
vehicle being dragged along over the
stone wall that supported the lower
side of the road bed.

The scream of horror piercing my
ears emphasized the frightful situa-
tion, for the driver was not only being
dashed to his death, as I supposed, in
the darkness below, but there was the
awful possibility that in the next mo-
ment the stage and the horses would
go over the brink and in the dismal,
unknown abyss of canyon beneath.

The driver was pulling with all his
weight in the direction of that abyss.
The half-upset stage and the vigor-
ous jerks of the frightened team in
front brought additional horrors upon
me. Nevertheless, I determined to make
an effort to save my life, if possible in
a leap upward. So I sprang out of
the stage in a desperate jump from the
higher side. I reached the ground in
safety but not a moment too soon.

The stars were bright overhead and
through an opening in the forest trees
around on either hand, I saw the
"leaders" of the team making a des-
perate effort to avoid being pulled
over the precipice, the lines still in
the hands of the driver below, the man
clinging to the ribbons with the clutch
of death; and the rough stone edge
of the lower wall of the roadway hav-
ing broken the speed, since the axle
had to be dragged forcibly over the
unseen surface. What a swift decision
of mind I saw what must be done to
stay the tragedy, so I jumped to the
front, seized the leader by the bridle
rein, and at once pulled his face
square to the upper bank. I thus
stopped the horses and kept the stage
on the road.

But where was the driver? This
was the harrowing thought now in my
mind, for the man's cries were hushed.
I cried aloud for him, but no answer-
ing voice came in reply, no sound was
heard save the echo from the opposite
wall of the canyon beyond, and the
frightful panting of the trembling
horses now well in my hands. Again
and again I cried—louder and wider
and deeper in my distress. But I heard
nothing in response save the mocking
echoes and the heaving sound of the
heaving horses. It was the most ter-
rible moment of my life—terrible be-
yond expression.

Hope grew stronger for the next mo-
ment came another and still another
groan, this time from a man evidently
with vital energy and a rallying strug-
gle. Soon the driver crawled, half
dead, up the bank; but the only thing
he seemed to be thankful for, and the
only fact he appeared to appreciate,
was his courage in holding on to the
lines while he was being dashed and
dragged about on the rocks below! In
the darkness the first thing he wanted
seen was the manner in which he had
performed the fearful feat of—holding
the reins! I still trembling, held the
frightened horses against the upper
bank, doing all I could to quiet the
fears of the panting beasts.

By the aid of matches we soon had a
good light, and the situation was fully
revealed. The poor driver was fright-
fully mangled and torn, one ear being
well nigh severed from the head as he
struck the sharp edge of the rocks be-
low.

I tied up the man the best I could,
we mended the broken stage and got
it back into the road, and then came
the slow and cautious and painful de-
scent to the next station at the foot of
the range.

She Was Teaching Him.

A lady, on entering the kitchen early
one morning saw a plate and knife and
fork, the former of which had evi-
dently contained cold rabbit pie. The lady
strongly suspected a certain policeman
of having supped off it, and the follow-
ing conversation took place between
her and the cook:

Mistress—Mary, what's become of
the cold rabbit pie that was left?

Cook—Oh, I didn't think it was
wanted, mum, so I gave it to the dog.
Mistress (sarcastically)—Does the
dog use a knife and fork, then?

Cook (unabashed)—Not very well
yet, mum, but I'm teachin' him to—
London Tit-bits.

Those who have made the matter a
subject of close study observe that the
human thumb, dipped in ink, blood,
or any loose-adhering substance, and
pressed upon a sheet of paper, leaves
a mark which is perfectly charac-
teristic of the individual. The distinctive
marks and lines differ in each case.

and it is suggested that the simple ex-
ponent of compelling a criminal to
leave the impress of his thumb in the
possession of the authorities would
make disguise impossible. This is
very ingenious; but not new, as it is
the Chinese method of signing a docu-
ment.

A HUSBAND'S DEATH.

He Embalms His Dead Wife's Body, and
Takes the End.

Muncie, Ind., enjoyed a sensation
attendant on the opening of a house
which had been closed up for over
twenty-five years and the discovery of
a freak perhaps as remarkable as ever
entered a human mind. The house in
question is a fine old brick residence,
owned in 1876 by William Mutterhorn,
a well-to-do German, a retired lumber
merchant, says the Philadelphia Times.

In 1873 Mutterhorn lost his wife, a
very beautiful woman, whose loss con-
verted him from a genial, pleasure-
loving man to a morose, misanthropic
recluse. He dismissed all of his ser-
vants and refused to admit all vis-
itors, even his most intimate friends,
to his home. His health in a few
years became wrecked, and one day
the unhappy man sought a prominent
lawyer of Muncie, and announcing his
intention of traveling for the restora-
tion of his strength gave him power
as his agent and instructions to allow
his house to remain locked and sealed
as he left it. No one was to enter it
or even the extensive grounds sur-
rounding it. No limit was placed to
his intended absence, and no surprise
was felt as years slipped by without
his return. Recently, however, his
heirs, concluding he was dead, had
the house entered and found in one of
the upper rooms the embalmed body
of Mrs. Mutterhorn elegantly attired
and reclining on a sofa, while at her
side lay a skeleton which was satisfac-
torily identified as her husband's.

Mutterhorn is known to have been a
fine amateur chemist, and it is sup-
posed that he privately exhumed his
wife's body, embalmed it and kept it
continually in his sight, till feeling
himself about to die, he resolved to
shut himself up with his treasure and
meet death at its side. The two poor
relies were interred next day, followed
to their final resting place by an im-
mense crowd.

THE HUMAN EAR.

Wonderful Construction of That Useful
Organ—It Defies Dissection.

"The human ear," said a scientist to
a Washington Star reporter, "is an or-
gan the true inwardness of which the
physicians have never been able to get
at. They can examine the interior of
the eye with ease by throwing into
its dark chamber a ray of light re-
flected from a little mirror, and of late
they have found it possible even to
see the gray matter of the brain by
looking through the little canal by
which the optic nerve enters. The
cavity behind the nose they inspect
with the aid of a light placed far back
in the mouth. They have no difficulty
in seeing into the stomach by an elec-
tric apparatus; the intestines likewise
are readily enough investigated, and
the bladder. But the ear, as to its inter-
nal arrangements, is inaccessible. It
is ever impossible to dissect it satis-
factorily after death, for the reason
that the parts collapse at once when
the vital spark leaves the body."

A Curiosity.

Something of a curiosity is on ex-
hibition at Casper, Wyo. It is an im-
print of a monster palm leaf, caused
by the leaf falling into clay and the
clay afterward petrifying. The rock
was found on Salt Creek and indicates
that ages ago when the big coal beds
were being formed, Wyoming posses-
sed a tropical climate.

They Were Here.

The Sufferer—Of course, now that
you have refused me, you will return
my presents?

The girl (who caused the suffering)
—Indeed I will not. I guess I've
earned 'em haven't I?

At Thirty-Five.

"The man 'I'll wed,' says sweet Sixteen,
"Must be a fellow and youthful be."
"Oh him 'I'll wed,' says Thirty-Five,
"But demand that he'll have me."—
Puck.

The Reckless Girl.

"Put on your yell," her mother cried,
"Or you'll ruin your beauty wreck;
The winds your face will frettle o'er."
Quoth the maiden, "Let 'em wreck!"

FACETIOUS COMMENT.

Boston Courier: There is no menace
implied when a manufacturing dentist
shows his teeth.

Chicago Tribune: Diamonds are coming
down in price and probably will soon meet
potatoes going up.

Atchison Globe: A man never realizes
until he has been himself what himself
is a laughing-loving world this is.

Lowell Courier: Tommy says that when
his teacher is provoked he knows that she
is well supplied with choler and cuffs.

Detroit Free Press: The primrose, ac-
cording to the poets is a quiet flower.
According to the facts it is pronounced
yaller.

Pack: My son, feather your nest before
you marry. Custom permits us to go on
the street without a wife, but it does not
allow us to go on the street without a pair
of trousers.

WHAT SCIENCE SEES.

The following simple test for the pres-
ence of arsenic is given by Prof. Calder,
of Brown college: If hydrochloric acid, a
piece of copper wire, and a bit of wall
paper containing arsenic be placed in a
glass tube, and the glass be gently heated,
the wire will be blackened.

Recent developments in chemical science
promote belief in the existence of ele-
mentary forms of matter not yet actually ob-
served. Certain peculiarities in the spec-
trum of the stars are thought to indicate
that much of its matter is still in such
elementary forms owing to its intense heat.

A new electric thermostat, for use in
ships, bunkers and refrigerating rooms has
lately appeared, the special feature being
a steel bulb instead of a frame having a
set screw which can be altered so as to
bring the mercurial column to a platinum
contact wire exactly at the desired tem-
perature.

Years ago it was supposed that Sirius
was nearer the earth than any other star.
Now, however, Alpha Centauri, a com-
paratively insignificant star of the "south-
ern heavens," is known to be our nearest
neighbor, and Sirius is so far removed that
the human mind fails to grasp the distance
when expressed in miles. The fact that
light requires from seventeen to twenty
years to cross the space between our little
earth and the star, 44,000,000,000 miles, is
scarcely more easily grasped.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

LESSON IV—JULY 26—CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

Golden Text: "For God So Loved the
World, That He Gave His Only Begot-
ten Son, That Whosoever Believeth in
Him Might Not Perish, But Have Ever-
lasting Life."—John 3:1-17.

HOME READINGS.

Mo. Cleansing the Temple. John 8:12-17.
Th. Cleansing the Temple. Matt. xxi. 12-16.
W. Jesus Giving Sight to a Blind Man. John 9:1-22.
Th. Necessity of New Birth. Matt. 1:1-6.
Fr. Mystery of New Birth. Matt. 1:1-6.
Sa. Cause of Condemnation. Matt. 1:1-6.
Su. Humility of John Baptist. Matt. 3:1-12.

Introductory.—Between the events of
the last and those of the present lesson an
interval of only a few weeks elapsed. Af-
ter the miracle at Cana in Galilee, Jesus
went down to Capernaum, a town on the
shore of the Sea of Galilee, and abode
there with his mother, his brethren, and
his disciples "not many days." The exact
length of his sojourn cannot, however, be
fully determined. When it was over, he
fell in with the moving stream of pilgrims,
and took his journey to the annual pas-
sage over at Jerusalem. Once arrived at the
holy city, he cleansed the temple from its
various defilements, answered the demand
of the Jews for a sign, and also wrought
some miracles. The most notable incident
of this occasion is the interview with Nicodemus, which we are now to study.

1. The Necessity of the New Birth.
verses 1-6.—"A man of the Pharisees,"
Belonging to the sect of the Pharisees,
"Nicodemus." It is impossible to identify
him with the man of the same name men-
tioned in the Talmud. A rabbi of the
Jews. "He was one of the Sanhedrim,
which consisted of priests, Levites, elderly
men and rabbis."

2. "Came to Jesus by night." Because,
as is likely, he did not wish the fact of his
visit to be known. "Rabbi." A very re-
spected designation. "We know of thee,
Evidently there were others besides Nicodemus
upon whom the works of Jesus had
made a great impression. "A teacher
came from God." A high confession, but
not high enough. "No man can do these
things," except God be with him."

3. "The miracles were too great to be done
by men, and too good to be done by
devils."

4. "Jesus answered." He met the in-
cident faith of Nicodemus, and sought to en-
large and strengthen it. "Verily, verily,"
The usual preface of our Lord's most so-
lemn declarations. "Except a man be born
again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

5. "This condition of entering into the king-
dom of God is absolute and universal."

6. "How . . . when he is old, etc." This
sawyer of Nicodemus proves that he sup-
posed Jesus to refer to a physical re-birth.

7. "Born of water." The reference was
to baptism with water, which was the sym-
bol of the Spirit's work, and which in-
volved a public acknowledgment and con-
fession of sin. "And of the Spirit." The
outward, ceremonial act is not enough; it
brings a man into the visible kingdom of
God, but for admission into the invisible
and spiritual kingdom there must be a real
and vital change of life and character
wrought by the Spirit of God in the heart
of the believer.

8. "That which is born of the flesh is
flesh." "That which is generated of
fallen and depraved humanity is fallen
and depraved humanity." (Whedon.)
"That which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

9. "Like produces like. The first is the Holy
Spirit; the second is the renewed human
spirit."

10. "The mystery of the New Birth (verse
7-13)—'Marvel not.' Think not
strange of what I have told you."

11. "The wind bloweth where it listeth:
so is every one that is born of the Spirit."
As the force and direction of wind
blows wherever it listeth, or pleases, and
is known only in its effects, so the move-
ments of the Spirit of God are indiscreet-
able as to their methods, but entirely man-
ifest as to their results.

12. "The full meaning of it is that the man who
is born again, though unable to analyze
all the steps of the process, is none the
less sure of the fact and its consequences."

13. "How can these things be?" "Nico-
demus is sobered by the moral power and
earnestness of the Lord, lays aside cavil-
ing, and asks seriously for clearer light."

14. "Art thou a master of Israel, and
knowest not these things?" The Revised
Version reads: "Art thou the teacher of
Israel," etc. The definite article "the" points out the fact that Nicodemus was a
man of repute.

15. "We." Jesus, by using the plural,
designates himself and all teachers like
himself.

16. "If I have told you earthly things,
and ye believe not how shall ye believe,
etc." The new birth is an "earthly thing,"
because taking place on the earth, and
coming within the range of human ex-
perience. Unbelief concerning the "earth-
ly thing" made it sure that there would
be still greater unbelief in regard to those
things which have their sphere of action
entirely in heaven.

17. "No man hath ascended, but the
Son of man." "No man has been in
heaven, so as to see and know these heav-
enly things, excepting Christ." (Harbut.)

18. The Lifting Up of the Son of Man
Verses 14-17.—"As Moses lifted up the
serpent." The historical event here re-
ferred to is narrated in Num. xxi. 9. "So
must the Son of man be lifted up." As a
sacrifice upon the cross.

19. "That whosoever believeth." This is
the essential condition, because it in-
volves and implies all the other conditions
of salvation.

20. "Should . . . have eternal life." "Eternal
life is the life of the soul, which disaster
cannot impair nor death destroy—a pres-
ent possession, not a future inheritance,
except that it is a possession, which grows
in value and importance in the future."

21. "God so loved the world." In this
supreme fact is found the origin of all re-
demptory movements. "That he gave his
only begotten Son." Herein is the mea-
sure of the depth and intensity of God's
love.

22. Not . . . to condemn." Instead of
"condemn," the Revised Version has the
weaker word "judge."

If cloth can be made out of fine spun
glass it would seem a simple matter to
make it out of wood. This is now done
by boiling strips of fine grained timber,
crushing them between rolls, carding the
filaments into parallel lines, as with ordi-
nary textile material, and spinning them
into threads, from which the cloth can be
woven in the usual way.

The new spectroscopic without a lens
consists of a paper tube with a two-and-
one-half-inch adjustable slit, similar to a
parallel tube at one end, and a prism at
the other, the length of the tube being such
that the light from the slit being at the distance
of the distance of vision, equal to the pur-
poses of observation; for, though the spec-
troscope is destitute of a lens, the eye acts
the part, and produces the image on the
retina, which image is dispersed by the in-
terposed prism. Comparison prisms or
mirrors easily can be placed before the slit.

LATE STYLES IN COURTSHIP.

A Grand Rapids lover was mean

If others add as mean things about a man as he occasionally thinks about himself he would have them arrested for slander.

When an engine wants to stop an engine he doesn't put a brick on the balance wheel, he cuts off the power that makes it run. When you want to quit your business the work must begin on the inside.

The happiness that is quite understood at last comes time to give it a rest, we must have ups and downs. The difficulties which are usually mingled with love awaken passion and increase pleasure.

FRIENDSHIP is often regarded slightly as a mere accessory of life, a happy chance if one falls into it, but not as entering into the substance of life. No mistake can be greater. It is not a thing of egotism threads or frost-work, but the simplest thing we know.

NO MAN has the right to expect a good fortune unless he goes to work and deserves it. "Lack" I never had any luck but by getting up at five every morning and working as hard as I could. No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. We must all toil or steal—no matter how we name our stealing.

MEDICAL experts widely differ to the general and special effects of alcohol upon the human system, and the time has arrived when a consensus of opinion would be valuable both to the medical fraternity and the public. Not temperance organizations alone, but humanity at large, will be the beneficiaries of all the truth that can be elicited in so important an investigation.

Too much system in a household destroys the peace of it. The members who are inclined by nature to live by their own sweet will and not by rules cannot fail to grate against the unyielding rule-maker. While to be perpetually reminded that you always do this, or never do that, is enough to make one re-very with an emphasis sufficient to strike fire. Let us all moderate our doings.

As a means of coast-defense for the United States the torpedo has been the subject of much talk, some experts even saying that if this country does not wish to make enemies, but only desires to protect itself, a navy is entirely unnecessary as torpedoes at various points will give sufficient protection. They will now point to the Chilean instances of what explosive things can do, and argue therefrom to support their theory.

GENIUS is not a mere genius, says Emerson, than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be acorns in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns; but the tree and book must come out before we can measure them. How many men would find it to bed down and wake up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunce seed, vice seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. A man of mere "capacity undeveloped" is only a muzzled day-dream with a skin on it.

Those looking after freight rates are aware that the cost of transportation is not very much lower than it was a few years ago. Farm products of all kinds are carried at comparatively reduced rates, and just now grain is transported from the West to the Atlantic seaboard at prices before unknown. The tendency of the times is plainly toward cheaper transportation, and there is little reason to doubt that farmers will have less to complain of in the way of exorbitant charges in freight in the next few years than they have had heretofore.

INTELLECTUAL sympathy is rarer and more difficult of attainment than mere sympathy with pain or pleasure. Those accustomed to one line of thought and associating only with those who share it cannot readily understand how any one can differ from them, and are therefore inclined to doubt their honesty or their intelligence. Much bitter controversy, much harsh and unjust criticism is due to the feebleness of this power. Neither party can put him off in the place of the other, or see how he came to hold such beliefs, or why he should not at once abandon them.

A RECENT writer, who made personal observations in France and Italy, draws the conclusion that there is no longer any such commodity as pure olive oil. Visiting all the oil-producing factories of Italy, and applying scientific tests, he discovered that what was sold for olive oil and labeled as such almost always contained an admixture of cottonseed oil or other adulterations. Arguments as to the proper labeling of food products, under penalty of law, continue to multiply. The oil-producing countries of Europe are but a single instance of gross imposition upon the public. It is not contended that many of these food adulterations are anything but beneficial from various standpoints. They are often cheaper than the pure article, and hence more accessible to the poor. In these days of chemical discoveries the entire constituent parts of the various foods have their attributes. All are not equally good, but all are not bad.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

MR. TALMAGE PREACHES IN LAKESIDE, OHIO.

Multitudes gather to hear his thrilling sermon taken from the text—Thou shalt be missed because Thy Seat will be Empty.

LAKESIDE, O., July 19th.—For many years people have gathered in multitudes at this season of the year for a great outdoor assembly. The grounds are a short sail from Sandusky. The place is beautiful beyond description. Dr. Talmage preached this morning in this beautiful place to a vast multitude. His subject was the "Vacant Chair," and his text, 1 Samuel 2: 13: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and the chased silverware of the palace, for king will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David, by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet, they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast, Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? I invited him. I expected him. What a vacant seat at the king's banquet!" The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. That chair has been vacant for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to sit in. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practical? Speak out! old arm-chair. History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the battle of Waterloo, and when they came back, these three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so joyful at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, old man, going to die with a vacant chair, and the gasp of the world will be, "What a father's brow, or the vacant chair, or the memory of the one departed? Speak out! old arm-chair. With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled. "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go a little further on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking-chair. She had so many cares, and troubles to soothe that it must have rocked. The remembrance of it was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It moved, it creaked noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. That old chair has stopped rocking, for I am no longer there. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that garret to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said: "My son, why go in there? And louder than the boisterous voice of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here? And when you went into the house of abandonment a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here? And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with repentance and fastidiousness, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What a prayerless pillow! What is the matter with that? You are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh, phaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that. I am five or six miles off from where I was born; I am three thousand miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that; you are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh, you say, there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that; it is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent. What a mother! It speaks, it whispers; it carols; it prays; it thunders. A young man went off, and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegram brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out, "Oh, mother, mother! what your life could not do to your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for a vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text have been fulfilled. "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair. What! How long have you been sick? "O! I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." It is possible. What a story of endurance! There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalid chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world; but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching all these years. I trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterwards, "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "O!" she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." "Yes," she said, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; I suffer all the time. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "O yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face shone in the ground. O what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that

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It Did Not Work. "Madame," said the tramp as he doffed the r-mant of a Kossuth that might have been with Grant at Vicksburg to the mistress of a house on the outskirts of Boston, "I learn from the neighbors that you are a theosophist. I am delighted to know it, for I am one myself. It can't be—yes, it is—we have met before. Some years ago I stopped at this very house and asked for assistance and you gave me a splendid breakfast. It all flashes upon me now." "Yes," said the lady smiling. "I seem to remember it too, but if I'm not mistaken you sawed half a cord of wood for me before you got the breakfast." Then the tramp turned away in search of an old-fashioned philanthropist.

What the Children Say. A teacher in a public school gave out a list of words to be defined and put into sentences. Among them was the word "chasm." A little girl looked in the dictionary, and not being satisfied, inquired if "chasm" meant "gap." The teacher absently replied yes, but was astonished when she presented her paper with this sentence: "When I am sleepy, I always chasm."

MAN'S CANINE FRIEND.

PUGNACIOUS PUG AND GRACEFUL GREYHOUND.

There Never Was a Man Who Possessed the Pride of a St. Bernard, Sagacity of a Shepherd, or Courage of a Bull Dog.

Of the various works of man there are few of which he has more reason to be proud than the transformation under his hands of the wild dog into the domesticated animal. It must be owned that the wild dog, or the dog such as he exists on sufferance in all the household, has but few Oriental communities, but few high claims, and that he is by nature little in advance of his cousins the wolf, the jackal, and the coyote, and is cowardly, cringing, or ferocious according to circumstances. It is as difficult to recognize him as a near relation to the civilized dog as to see the connection between a Digger Indian and a Shakespeare or a Newton. It is, then, no small credit to man that he has discovered and brought out the grand qualities of the dog, and that in making him his companion and his friend he has developed virtues equal to those he himself possesses. It may be said that there never was a man who possessed the proud staidness of the St. Bernard, the unerring sagacity of the sheep dog, or the courage and tenacity of the bull dog.

A woman is not daintier in her ways than the Italian greyhound, says the Saturday Evening Post, or more soft and affectionate than the Blenheim. In point of fun and vivacity the terrier in his many varieties stands higher, while in the exhibition of unvaried devotion, fidelity, and affection the whole race put man to shame. Dogs are judges of character too, and no condescending blandishments will seduce them into friendliness with one of whose disposition they disapprove, and it must be owned that like children, they are seldom mistaken in their likes and dislikes.

A flesh eater by nature, the dog adapts itself readily to the habits of those around. His preferences are for meat, but few things are absolutely amiss to him; bread and cheese, fish, and puddings of all sorts, vegetables, and even fruit are eaten by him with apparent relish, and he needs but very little education to take to beer, wines and spirits. As might be expected from the analogy of man the big dog, as a rule, is much more gentlemanly and good tempered than the small one. The latter is ready upon the smallest provocation to become excited or pugnacious; he seems to be on the look out for affronts, and even on the watch to assert himself. The big dog, upon the contrary, is generally quiet and dignified, and very slow to wrath. The St. Bernard and the toy terrier, the pug, the poodle, the Dachs-hound, and the spaniel, although differing as widely from each other in appearance and shape as if they belonged to different families, are yet identical in their possession of the virtues and methods of dogdom. Their habits may differ slightly, some seeming to find their chief happiness in lying asleep on a soft cushion, others in an incessant pursuit of rats and other vermin, some in accompanying their masters to the chase.

The Red Indian expects confidently that his faithful hound will be his companion in the chase in the country of the Great Manitou. There are not a few others who, deep down in their hearts, believe that the separation between themselves and their affectionate friends and loyal servants will not be an eternal one. It was not so long ago that, in discussing the muzzling question, a man writing to a newspaper said, "Better a thousand dogs should die than one man." There are very few men who, appreciating dogs, would at all agree with this opinion. There are men whose lives are more valuable than those of a thousand dogs, but there are others whose lives would be dearly purchased by that of one dog.

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